CHILDREN'S BOOKS

—Claire Huchet Bishop

THE

Commonweal

THE MISSIONARY TODAY

by Bede Griffiths

WORLD BEHIND BARS

by Eileen Fantino

THE WISDOM OF CHILDREN

by Ernestine Evans

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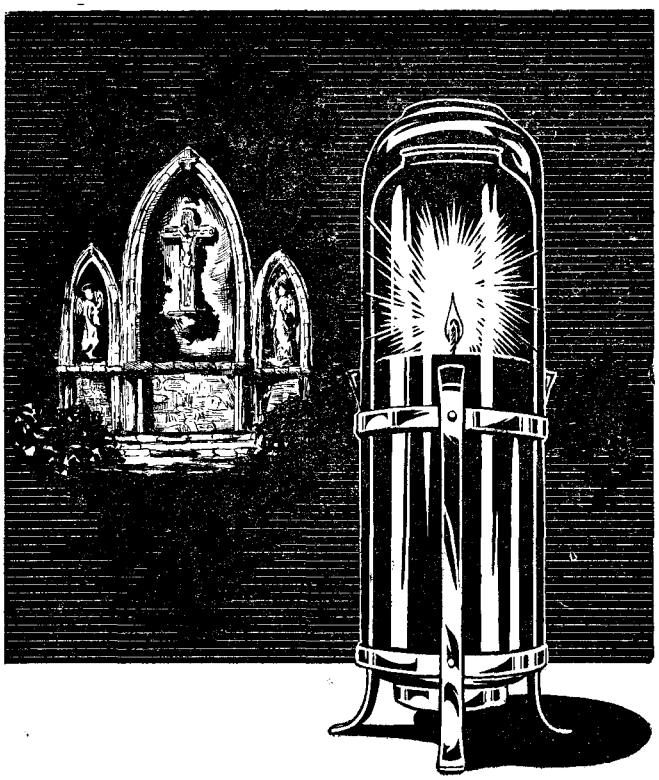

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The
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

COMMUNIST LEADERS IN ENGLAND

MESSRS. KHRUSHCHEV and Bulganin arrive in England with their path made easier by the preceding, successful visit of their colleague, Mr. Malenkov. For that Mr. Malenkov's first visit to a non-Communist country was a success as far as the Russians are concerned, there can be no doubt. His roly-poly physical appearance and his intellectual adroitness enabled him to play the role of the friendly ambassador of good will almost to perfection. From the reports of his tour, it is clear that he would have done credit to Madison Avenue.

Mr. Malenkov dandled the children and kissed them sweetly, he quoted familiarly that "poet of the people" Robert Burns, he spoke of the "wonderful people" of Britain and of their hospitality, and he stressed a need for closer relations between the peoples of Britain and Russia. He smiled aside a suggestion that it had been unwise to send Colonel-General Serov to Britain, stated blandly that the anti-Stalinist campaign which was revealed during his visit was an "internal" affair, and, in what was probably his first press conference, exuded an air of open and good-humored cooperation by giving an answer to almost every query posed to him.

The visit of Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin follows soon after, and it was evident before they started their trip that they anticipated a success such as Mr. Malenkov's. For when they heard of an itinerary being planned for them, they complained publicly that "apparently in Britain there are still some forces who do not wish to permit wider contacts between Soviet leaders and the British population." But they miscalculated the response, for the friendly glow which inspired Britain's original invitation last summer is no longer in evidence.

The reasons for the change are clear. Since last summer the Russians have shown little interest in fulfilling their promises, they have contrived in the Middle East the most explosive situations, and in Asia they have talked loudly of "British imperialism." These actions have not served to endear them to Britain. Now the British people show a coolly skeptical curiosity; the 200,000 European exiles control but reveal their hostility; and only the confused remnants of the British Communist Party stretch out both hands in welcome. The official reaction to the Russian complaint was to reveal the exact itinerary planned for them and to stress the official nature of the visit. With a sternness he does not always show, Sir Anthony Eden said that "the principal purpose of this visit is to discuss the many issues which today divide the world."

IT IS a measure of the toughness and confidence of the Russian leaders that they are willing to visit England less than two months after the unprecedented attacks on Stalin and "rotten elements" within the Communist Party. Before purged leaders are rehabilitated, before local Communist parties recover their balance, before their history is rewritten to justify the new "truth," the Communist leaders are eager to play the smiling friend to the Western world. It is well that Sir Anthony insists upon the discussion of significant issues. Such issues as the unification of Germany and disarmament are too important to be submerged by superficial gestures and words of "friendship," "cooperation," and "coexistence."

We think that the proper attitude toward this visit is well expressed by the proclamation of the Hierarchy of England and Wales which we reproduce in the "Of Note" section of this issue. With force and responsibility they write of the pressing need to insist upon the facts of persecution in Eastern Europe. This surely is one of the horrible

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aspects of present Communist domination. The present leaders did not bury their crimes with their admiration for Stalin. Although they may not expect or get replies, responsible leaders should insist upon facts and answers. Smiling friends should not be oversecretive. And maybe the Russians will answer some of the questions they so often threw at the West. Why, for instance, did Kostov of Bulgaria, Rajk of Hungary, Gomulka of Poland—purged Communists now being rehabilitated—confess, if they were innocent? And—a question Mr. Malenkov put aside—what do they consider Stalin's greatest achievement? And how, if Communists are taught to spend their substance in the true cause—how did these leaders stand by the homicidal Stalin for so many years? Before they leave England, Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin should know that the peoples of the free world *will* have answers to these questions, even if the Communists do not provide them.

JAPANESE TEXTILES BOYCOTT

IN TIMES of peace or coexistence the nation's interest is rarely the primary consideration of the individual American citizen. Other more personal things concern him first. And when he believes his livelihood to be threatened, the national stake figures scarcely at all. There is nothing particularly surprising about Southern efforts to reverse the increase of imports of lower-priced Japanese textiles. One city council urged a boycott of Japanese goods; Alabama and South Carolina have decreed that stores selling Japanese textiles (or garments made therefrom) should display prominent signs to that effect. It is not yet clear whether this will actually attract or discourage buyers.

But such efforts to restrict imports do make bad reading in Japan, where the economy is on a touch-and-go basis, to put it mildly. They invite reprisal, jeopardize this country's largest single market for raw cotton and give opportunity to America's enemies there. Japan represents our principal hope in a Far East that is vehemently neutralist in sentiment where it is not already under the Communist yoke. A Japan which is friendly, economically strong and politically stable is a key American objective.

How is it possible, though, in a democracy such as ours, to exercise restraint on local actions which sharply conflict with national policy? Since treaties are involved in this instance, such state legislation can be voided in the courts. This would seem to be an immediate task. But much could also be done to explain to the people of the United States what stakes are involved in the Japanese textile case.

Such an official presentation would doubtless touch on: America's vulnerability in the Far East; Japan's vital dependence on her exports, coupled with her demonstrated readiness to make adjustments; the importance of the Japanese market for our plentiful raw cotton; the fact that Japanese purchases of American textiles are over five times our own purchases of Japanese textiles. The very fact of a concerted official effort to enlighten the American public in these matters would have beneficent repercussions in Japan.

CIVIL RIGHTS PROGRAM

ATTORNEY General Brownell recently sent to Congress the first major civil rights program of the Eisenhower Administration. As a piece of proposed legislation, it can safely be characterized as a "vote-trap," a hybrid blossom which blooms in Washington in the springtime of every Presidential campaign year. This specimen was obviously nurtured with great care by Mr. Brownell, who developed a green political thumb as national chairman of the Republican Party.

Thus, his program calls stirringly for certain measures which will meet little objection only because they have little practical relevance—anti-lynching and poll-tax repeal. Lynching has almost disappeared from the South, and the poll tax actually seems to keep comparatively few Negroes from voting. Other steps advocated by Mr. Brownell are either matched or improved by a series of bills jointly introduced last year by a bipartisan bloc of Senators; three of these measures have already been reported favorably to the Senate Judiciary Committee by its Constitutional Rights Subcommittee headed by Democratic Senator Hennings. The Brownell proposals and the Hennings Committee are also similar in their silences; neither speaks of the long-controverted Fair Employment Practices Commission designed to prevent discrimination in the hiring and firing of employees.

Despite these limitations, however, Mr. Brownell's program does have some merit. It would, for example, create a six-man bipartisan committee, vested with power of subpena, to investigate denials of the right to vote and "unwarranted economic pressures" based on race, color or religion. Mr. Brownell would also establish a Civil Rights Division within the Justice Department, and would

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extend the Department's power to act against violators of civil rights, whether such violators be public officials or private citizens. Under present legislation, a person deprived of civil rights must himself seek redress, and intimidation, as Mr. Brownell pointed out, often makes a mockery of the right to seek such redress.

In view of these facts, it is a trifle naive for Southern Democrats and their liberal Northern confreres alike to examine Mr. Brownell's modest blossom and cry "politics" when they finger its thorns. Nothing dramatizes better the Democratic dilemma than the Southern hostility to the Administration's program because it goes too far and the Northern objection that it does not go far enough. Indeed, the chances are dim that it will go far in any direction as long as Senator Eastland is directing traffic at the Senate Judiciary Committee. Thus, if his program is not accepted, Mr. Brownell can blame the Democrats; if it is accepted—which seems unlikely—he can credit the Administration. In either case, Mr. Brownell's civil rights program seems capable of further weakening the Democrats on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line.

ALGER HISS AT PRINCETON

WE HAVE no inside information on what the students at Princeton had in mind when they invited Alger Hiss to address their debating society. Maybe they were simply curious to see and hear one of the key figures in the Hiss-Chambers debate, and that would be natural enough. And along with this natural curiosity there might have been the desire to bait their elders a little by inviting a "controversial figure" to the campus, and this too would be in keeping with an old academic tradition. But whatever the motivation, the action of Princeton's students has certainly produced a great deal of publicity, one way and another. As soon as the newspapers got wind of the coming event, the University began to receive letters of protest. Many old Princetonians were outraged, and various veterans' groups and patriotic organizations are trying to get the University to order the student organization to withdraw its invitation. Indeed, from this distance it seems that the entire incident has caused much more excitement than it deserves.

On the once-raging debate over Mr. Hiss' guilt or innocence, we take the view that he was justly convicted—although we are not sure this fact is completely relevant to the present discussion. But guilty or no, we do not think the foundations of the Republic—or of Princeton, for that matter—are going to crumble if Alger Hiss speaks on the campus. Actually, it would be hard to find a better place for him to speak; at a university, surely, he will find a better informed and more critical audience than he would be likely to encounter almost anywhere else. In any event, any possible danger involved in Mr. Hiss' brief appearance at Princeton would appear to be considerably less than that which could result if the University were to yield to outside pressure and countermand the student invitation. As for the notion that Mr. Hiss will subvert Princeton's students during his talk, that strikes us as a vicious canard, undoubtedly originating in the mind of a Yale man.

THE CONTINUED SEARCH

AFTER SEVERAL months, *The Search for Bridey Murphy* continues to top the Best Seller List—a fact which no one could have foreseen. This popular presentation of hypnosis and parapsychology purports to be the detailed hypnotic recollection that a present-day Miss Simmons gave of her previous life and experience as a Bridey Murphy of early nineteenth century Belfast.

It immediately offered the gagsters something new to work on. ("Yes, I've decided to change my will and leave all my money to myself.") Before long, however, many people not only bought the book but began to pester their doctors and psychiatrists, demanding that they be hypnotized. Lamentations and warnings soon went out. One psychiatrist said that "the Bridey Murphy furor has set back medical hypnosis twenty-five years." Hypnosis, whatever else may be said about it, is certainly not a procedure for the amateur.

Putting aside the humor or danger inherent in the material of the book, it is apparent that its popularity is due, in part, to all that is diluted, distorted and pathetic in the "religious revival," in the search for peace and certainty. The author writes: "This evidence that man is not, after all, merely a physical contraption is extremely significant. . . . [it] cannot but strike hard against man's inhumanity to man." We agree with the reviewer for The Commonweal who said of this passage: "The sentiment is noble; there is a touching dawnage innocence in it. But the sun has been up a long time, and man's inhumanity to man has continued in the face of much greater evidence than Mr. Bernstein has been able to muster."

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The Missionary Today

"A MISSIONARY MUST COME, NOT AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A FOREIGN POWER, BUT AS A SIMPLE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL"

BEDE GRIFFITHS

IT HAS been a great misfortune that in the past two or three centuries the Christain missionary has been identified with the colonial expansion of Europe. Even when he did not come in the train of advancing armies, he owed his position to the influence of his country and he came as the representative of a foreign power. Even so great a missionary as St. Francis Xavier never ceased to rely on the power of the Portuguese government, however much he might have cause to regret it, and established his missions in India with its support. The result is that Christianity today is inevitably regarded in the East as an imported religion and as part of that colonial system which the people of the East are bent on eliminating by every means in their power.

The situation was made worse by the fact that these early missionaries tended to identify the faith with their own systems of culture and civilization. Thus the Spanish and Portuguese took with them, wherever they went, their own particular form of Spanish and Portuguese Catholicism and imposed it on their converts without making any concessions to their native character. The Portuguese in India, in particular, seem to have been determined to make their converts not only Catholics but Portuguese. They deliberately separated them from all contact with their fellow-countrymen and compelled them to adopt European ways of dressing and eating, and even gave them all Portuguese names. It cannot be denied that their method was successful in a way. It formed a solid core of well-instructed converts who have preserved their character unimpaired to the present day and who form one of the strongest bodies in the Church in India. But it inevitably made them into a foreign body; it separated them from the main stream of Indian life and thought and gave them an entirely Western character and outlook.

It can, then, hardly be a matter of surprise if the Church in India appears to many as a foreign religion, without any vital relation to India's own aspirations and ideals. But fortunately there have been other influences at work. There was above all the great enterprise of the Italian Jesuit Robert de Nobili, who attempted to introduce an exactly opposite method of evangelization. He lived, dressed and ate as a Brahmin and made a deep study of Sanskrit and of Hindu philosophy, identifying himself in every possible way with Indian life and culture. But unfortunately, de Nobili's experiment was short-lived owing to the opposition which it raised. But he succeeded nevertheless in sowing a seed which is of incalculable importance for the future of the Church in India.

There can be no question as to which method the missionary of today must follow. There is no place for colonialism in any form in the East today. A missionary must come, not as the representative of a foreign power, but as a simple minister of the Gospel, to serve the needs of the people and to work in a humble spirit of brotherhood for the welfare of the country. His position is not unlike that of the ordinary Englishman in India today. Since the English left India and ceased to be its rulers, they have been welcomed back as private individuals, who are prepared to serve and not to rule. It is said that there have never been so many Englishmen in India as there are at the present day and that they have never met with so much friendship.

This is surely a lesson for the missionary. If he is prepared to give up all connection with foreign powers and to become an Indian among the Indians, working simply for the good of the Indian people, he may be sure of winning their respect and friendship. India is proud of her tradition of tolerance in religion and is anxious to preserve it in the new democratic order of today. As Pandit Nehru himself has said, "We should always remember that the minority religious communities in India such as Muslims, Christians, Sikhs, Parsis, Buddhists, Jains, Jews are as much part of India as anyone else. . . . So far as religious freedom to propagate one's faith is concerned, every religion has that freedom in India." If the government has recently restricted the entrance of missionaries into the country, one may believe that this action is due to the fear of introducing too many foreign elements into

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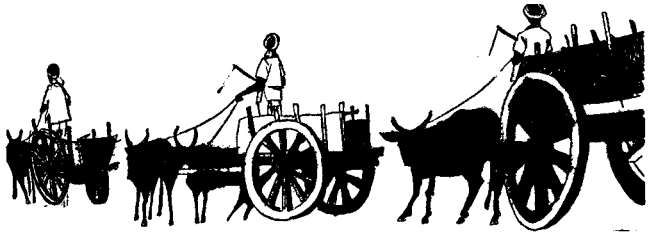
the country and not to any hostility to Christianity as such.

THE SITUATION in India is, therefore, not unfavorable to the spread of Christianity, yet offers serious problems. Christianity cannot claim any privileged status in India. It has to take its place among the other minority religions, and it can rely on nothing but the intrinsic truth of its message. Now this situation involves a definite responsibility towards these other forms of religion. It is no longer possible for the Christian missionary to dismiss these other religious traditions as simply false religions, as has been done in the past. The more he knows of these religious traditions, the more he recognizes how much truth is contained in them, and a Christian apologetic must be capable not merely of showing the 'errors' in other religions but of reconciling the various aspects of truth found in them to the universal truth of Christianity.

Thus, for the Christian missionary today, the first requirement is to have an adequate knowledge of the religion of the people among whom he is living. He will never get a hearing for his own faith unless he is prepared to respect and understand the faith of others. It is noticeable that in recent times there have been practically no conversions from any of the other major religions to Christianity. It is well known that it is the rarest thing for a Muslim to be converted to Christianity, but this is also true to a large extent of the educated Buddhist or Hindu. These people feel that they have religious traditions of the greatest antiquity which have bound their peoples together for centuries and have molded the character of the race. They cannot be expected to abandon this inheritance for another religion which, in their eyes, is no more than a parallel form of religion in the West, unless they are convinced that it is capable of preserving all those values in their own religion to which they are rightly attached.

It would seem therefore that an altogether new approach to the missionary problem is required. We can no longer hope simply to take Christianity as it stands and impose it upon other people. Christianity is a religion which itself has had a long history. It began as the religion of a small group of people in the Middle East, with a Jewish background and certain affinities with Greek culture. It grew up in the Greco-Roman world, retaining its basically Eastern character while being molded more and more by the influence of Greek thought and Roman law. From the time of the barbaric invasions in the Fifth century, it began to receive the great multitude of Germanic nations into its fold, and as the Eastern Church began to separate from Rome, the Church in the West developed along more and more definitely Western lines. Since the Reformation, the peculiarly Latin character of Catholicism has been still more clearly emphasized, and the Church, while remaining universal in its essence, has developed that specifically Latin and Western form of expression, in its liturgy and theology, its piety and discipline, which is the mark of Catholicism at the present day.

THIS markedly Latin character of Catholicism raises its own problems in Europe and America, but when it comes to introducing Catholicism to the East, the problem is accentuated a hundredfold. The whole mold of thought of Latin Catholicism is alien to the people of the East. The great Chinese convert, Abbot Lou, maintained that China would never become Christian (even apart from the external pressure of Communism) until the Chinese people were allowed to worship with a Chinese liturgy and Latin theology brought into vital relation with classical Chinese philosophy. In India the problem is even more acute. The Church remains cut off by all its habits of thought



from those deep sources of spiritual life and thought which have molded the character of the Indian people for four thousand years. Unless some means is found of making contact with these sources, there seems to be absolutely no hope (except by a miracle of grace which we have no right to expect) of Christianity making any deep impression on the mind of India.

And yet the problem does not admit of any easy solution. We cannot simply discard the tradition of the past centuries in the Church and attempt to return to some primitive form of Eastern Christianity. This would be simply to repeat the error of the Reformation. The Church is a living organism which has grown up through the centuries under the continuous guidance of the Holy Spirit. Nothing in its development is sheer chance. It is impossible, even if it were desirable, to return to the past. We have to accept the Church as she is, with all those characteristics which time and change have impressed on her features. Christianity is not an idea which can be divested of its earthly garments and clothed afresh in Eastern dress. The Church is a concrete reality, an earthly tabernacle which bears within it the living presence of Christ, and it is only within this living tabernacle, with all its human defects, that the message of the Gospel is preserved in its integrity and communicated to men.

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But if we must loyally accept the Church in her earthly, human nature, we are not bound to limit ourselves to those particular features which she may wear at the present time. Apart from all accidents of time the Church continually preserves within itself the whole Truth which was communicated to man in Christ, and is capable of drawing at all times on the depths of the Spirit which resides in her. Already in Europe and America we are witnessing a great renewal of the life of the Church. In liturgy and theology, in social doctrine and in its sense of universal mission, we can see signs of new life, of an adjustment to the needs of the time and to the responsibilities which the situation of the world demands. It is in this spirit that we can hope to find an answer to the problem of the missionary. There must be complete loyalty to the tradition of the past and, at the same time, a readiness to adapt and change, to make experiments and advance along new lines; in other words, to participate in the actual growth of the living Church, as the organism through which the Holy Spirit is working out His purpose for mankind.

We must remember in the first place that the Church is by no means bound to the Latin language or to a Latin mold of thought. There was once a Greek and a Slavonic Catholicism as orthodox as our Latin Catholicism. There was an Egyptian Church, a Syrian Church, an Armenian Church, each with its strong national characteristics and yet all equally Catholic. We have to be prepared, on this analogy, for a Chinese and a Japanese Catholicism, an Indian and an African Church, all differing in their modes of thought and expression but all united in the one communion of the Catholic Church. Nor is this merely a matter of language and of external rites. It concerns much more the intrinsic modes of thought and feeling which are characteristic of different races and correspond with what is deepest in their psychology.

This in turn involves a new approach to the whole problem of religion. The study of comparative religions has made it clear that there is no form of religion which does not contain some elements of truth. God has not left Himself without witness throughout the course of history. There is a continuous tradition coming down from that primitive revelation which was given to man in the beginning, which is preserved in one way or other in every authentic form of religion. In some cases this tradition has been obscured and corrupted until it is hardly discernible; in others it has been preserved with remarkable purity. If we confine our attention to the principal religions of today, we can say without hesitation that in Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam this primitive tradition has been developed with a wonderful insight, and in its purest forms, as expressed by their great doctors and mystics, it comes astonishingly close to Christianity.

WE MUST recognize that we are not dealing here with 'false' religions; we are dealing with a true religion, which has been distorted in certain respects and lost its integrity, but which nevertheless remains an authentic witness to the eternal truth. Christ did not come to destroy these religions. Indeed, He came to correct, complete and fulfill them.

It can even be asserted that these other religions are a providential preparation for Christianity, by which the people of the East have been led through the course of their history towards their fulfillment in Christ. Thus Buddha can be viewed as a 'fore-runner' of Christ; Krishna as a 'type' of Christ, and even Mahomet as not so much a 'false prophet' as one who recovered the truth of primitive revelation for the pagan people of Arabia, and whose message likewise awaits its fulfillment in Christ.

In our dealings with these religions we must try to discover how, throughout their history, God has been leading them step by step towards the final revelation of Himself in Christ. We have to show how Christ is, as it were, 'hidden' at the heart of Hinduism, of Buddhism, of Islam, and show how it is the one Word of God which has enlightened mankind from the beginning of history and manifested Him to all the different nations according to their different psychologies, permitting many errors to remain but never withdrawing the guidance of His Spirit.

The Church thus shows itself Catholic by embracing all truth wherever it is to be found, and by answering to the deepest needs of all people. But at the same time this encounter with other forms of religion should lead to an enrichment of Catholic doctrine. The Church possesses all truth, but it is only gradually, through the course of centuries, that she is able to give adequate expression to it. The study of Hindu, Buddhist and Islamic thought offers an incomparable field for the development of Catholic doctrine. There are many today who have found that their understanding of their own faith has been marvelously enriched by the study of Eastern thought. May it not be that there are certain aspects of the Gospel which can only be brought to light through contact with the Eastern mind, just as certain aspects have been made known through the genius of the Greek, the Russian and the Germanic mind?

All this requires, of course, great humility on our part, a readiness to put away our own preconceptions and to learn from others, to submit to the discipline of other modes of thought than our own and to allow our minds to take the mold of another tradition. But it also requires great faith, a constancy in our own faith and a complete confidence in Christ as the One truth in Whom all truth is contained, Who is alone able to reconcile the conflicts of religion, and to lead all men into the unity of Truth.

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World Behind Bars

EILEEN FANTINO

EVERY DAY, long lines of men and women file through our courtrooms on their way to prison. We turn the keys on their cells and walk up and down outside, like keepers of lions, to make certain there is no escape. We force them to sit alone with their torments, without comfort or hope. We claim to be an enlightened society, but in our treatment of criminals we still practice barbarism. People speak of the debt due society for offenses committed against it, of the benefit of showing the young that crimes will be punished, of the necessity for using threat of punishment as a deterrent to crime. We insist on using human weights and measures for the soul. How easily we turn to the hangman, the electrocutor, the jailer and the policeman to rid our streets of the sinner and the criminal.

Who are these who are thrown into jail? The jails are filled with children who grew up in the filth of tenement squalor and were captured as they reached out for a golden moment of possession. The thief, the prostitute, the drug addict are there, and with them the vagrant, the disturbed, the lonely and desolate. They end in jail after wandering through a maze of streets like blown paper, or after being picked up on the sidewalks of the Bowery ravaged and chilled by despair, failure and alcohol. In our jails too are children driven to the life of the wolf pack by constant reminders from a genteel society that they are "inferior" —and behind the bars with them are mothers and fathers tired of never having anything to give their children. And always there are the psychotic personalities, out of touch with reality, unable to make moral judgments. Our prisons are filled with God's poor, the desperate poor who have no brilliant lawyers to cover their footprints after them.

Crime is a fact, and so is free will. But neither means exactly what most people think. We have to look at the criminal as a person; we have to face honestly the forces which may have made his criminal act almost compulsive—the pressures of slum life; lack of food, of space, of recreation and guidance; neglectful parents; feelings of inferiority; prejudiced treatment by the "outside world"; ragged clothes, rat-run yards. Surely it is significant that so many in our prisons come from a world where drug addiction is a mark of distinction, where crime is an act of rebellion against the whole atmosphere of life. What sense is there in talking of "punishment" for the children of our jungle-streets? What hypocrisy it is to damn them while we whitewash real crimes—the sweating of the poor, the triumph of segregation, the building of fortunes and empires on callous exploitation of the weakened people in underdeveloped areas. Billions of dollars are given to the perfection of war, but people still die of starvation on the streets of half the world, while we destroy food surpluses and give them away only when it is politically expedient. Who will rid us of our guilt? What jail is prepared for us?

Miss Fantino will be remembered as the author of "The Children of Poverty" which appeared in this magazine in June of last year.

THE ACTUAL working of our penal system is hard to stomach, but the respectable citizen is spared that experience except in the capacity of a social worker or employee of the state. Last June, a group of pacifists, most of whom were associated with the Catholic Worker, Fellowship of Reconciliation, and War Resisters League, were arrested in New York's City Hall Park for refusing to take shelter during an air raid drill in which a theoretical H-bomb hit Brooklyn. I was with them, and after we were arrested I saw life in prison from the wrong side of the bars. It was not a pleasant experience, but now that it is over I am glad it happened.

When we were arrested, we were shoved around by arrogant policemen, searched, and crowded into depressing wagons without a breath of air. In the jail we spent long hours waiting to be called, taking turns at sitting down in an overcrowded cell which was equipped with toilet and sink and was more like a small lavatory than my previous idea of a cell. At night court we were herded into "pens" to wait our turn, were insulted and ridiculed and finally, after a 3 A.M. shower at the Eighth Street House of Detention, sent to our cells.

The magistrate did not love pacifists and he set our bail very high—$1500 for each person, although we were charged with only a misdemeanor. All of us went to jail, and because of the high bail some of us stayed in as long as two days. We were able to walk out of prison eventually only because we had friends and because there were people interested in the civil and religious liberties issues involved in our case. Most of

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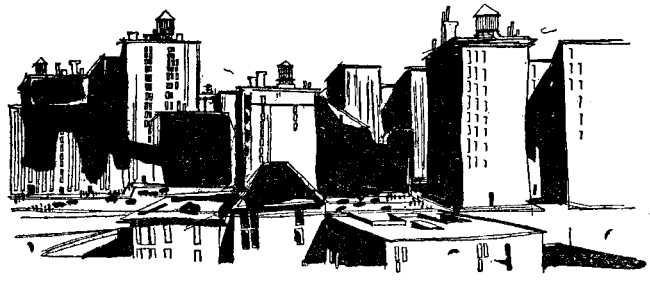
the prisoners we met have no such friends, and their cases are just like a thousand others.

During our short stay in jail we met the real prisoners, the ones without lawyers, without outside help, those with no chance of escape either in the past or in the future from the arm of the law. We ate the food, which was almost inedible; we felt the pressure of cell walls closing in on us; we saw young teen-age addicts and prostitutes sitting on the cell block floors, their bodies listless and defeated; we shared in "recreation" where these girls danced to a squeaky radio in a bare and dreary room. What we saw made us realize how "safe" we were, even though each minute was an agonizing hour and freedom a dream. We saw the hidden truth about our society as only its jails can reveal it.

NEAR us were girls who had been waiting over three months for trials. Some of the women who were waiting feared that they would be sentenced without a chance to prove their innocence; they spoke little English. Near us was a murderess, a woman who had stabbed her husband to death. He wanted to sell their house which had been a realization of her lifelong dream, she explained, and she became insane with rage. The police told her there had been over twenty-five wounds, but she couldn't remember a thing. She worked hard cleaning her cell, but stopped to ask what they would do with her, hang her? There were women jailed for theft, and one of these told me that jail was the best home she had. She had never owned anything; and stole simply because she wanted things and never had them. We talked to teen-agers who were in for selling narcotics. All their stories were similar; poverty, alcoholic parents, or both, no money and little food, sometimes a relative who was an addict; almost always they had little desire for life and little reason to live.

At dusk the cell blocks were noisy. Singing started, undulating and rich, echoing through the stone and steel, sentimental lines asking, "Do you still care?" from a song called, ironically, "The Unchained Melody." For a short while in the early evening the jokes became raucous, voices shrill and excited. Then the shadows fell again, laughter evaporated, eyes dulled, shoulders bent as the reality of confinement thickened the air. We paced the small floor and stared into the sink.



In the cell block opposite ours there were many teen-agers. Underneath they were scared, but they tried to put on a good front, walking and talking tough. One had a tattoo on her arm, and some had cropped hair. Many of them were obviously trying to look as masculine as possible, and one of the older women said sadly: "They've been here so long they don't know what they are." There were sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls arrested for prostitution and for selling narcotics; many of them were sweet and soft-spoken and looked as if they should be in the parks roller skating, but here they exchanged stories about police brutality the way other girls tell stories about their high school dates.

Girls with overwhelming and varied problems were all thrown together in this depressing and sterile atmosphere. Some of them had been back repeatedly for the same offense, especially prostitution. How can one explain the feelings of these girls that they are completely alone in the world and unloved? Except for those who have experienced it, how many in our society understand the effects of real destitution and the utter lack of any home? Few of these girls will ever get any kind of serious psychiatric help. Most will receive only scorn and punishment which create still deeper wounds and more lasting scars.

IN THIS age of progress in psychiatry and sociology, little of this new knowledge is applied in our institutions, and the abandoned and lonely ones in our society pay a high price for being poor and friendless. Those who are interested in real help are bogged down by supervisory opposition, red tape, and often the laws themselves. The poor who cannot afford bail or interested lawyers may stay in jail months waiting for an opening in the court calendar. Money is the touchstone; it can buy freedom, at least temporary freedom. Without money, the prisoner is helpless, alone in his suffering. Only God knows the measure of guilt, but truly His ways are not our ways.

Our stay in jail was brief. While we were there these women helped us—the murderess, the thieves, the prostitutes, the dope addicts. They shared soap when they had it and laughter when they could muster it. And the night we were released they got up after "lights out" to say goodbye and ask us to pray for them. They said goodbye with generosity and love, even though they knew how easily we got out and that they would be there the next day and the next, looking through the small barred windows at the world outside that is so strange and far away. They were kind, and they asked only that we tell the world about them. This is my attempt to pay that debt.

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THE STAGE

THE BEAUTIFUL GALATEA

PYGMALION, so Ovid tells us in Mr. Rolfe Humphries' translation of the gentle *Metamorphoses,*

> . . . . made, with marvelous art, an ivory statue,
> As white as snow, and gave it greater beauty
> Than any girl could have, and fell in love
> With his own workmanship . . .
> He pays her compliments, and brings her presents
> Such as girls love, smooth pebbles, winding shells,
> Little pet birds, flowers with a thousand colors,
> Lilies, and painted balls and lumps of amber . . .
> A necklace, and earrings, and a ribbon for her bosom,
> And all of these become her.

But no life warms that marble beauty, until "golden Venus" hears the young man's prayer, and shows her presence, and

> Pygmalion came
> Back where the maiden lay, and lay beside her
> And kissed her, and she seemed to glow,
> . . . . and (he) felt the ivory soften
> Under his fingers, as wax grows soft in sunshine. . .

In "My Fair Lady," however, Messrs. Lerner and Loewe have brought their subtle blandishments not to an ivoried perfection, but to a play as quick, as pungent and flushed with blood as any this century has produced, and one, moreover, which enshrines the great dramatic image of a purely personal relationship. For Shaw's "Pygmalion" is surely nothing less: we may have ascended (and descended) more grandly with Pirandello, with Chekhov, even with "Saint Joan" and "Major Barbara," yet no single human relationship in the modern drama—unless perhaps, on a different level, that of Stanley and Blanche in "Streetcar"—lives in the mind with such zest and grittiness and ardent tenacity as that of the willful Professor Higgins and the mucky guttersnipe fished out of the trampled violets of Covent Garden.

There is, too, a special happiness in watching this fabulous relationship work again its remembered mesmerism on the audiences at "My Fair Lady": pleasure in realizing that Mr. Lerner's finest wit issues from the Shavian fountainhead, that Mr. Loewe's richest song comments on the Shavian scheme. Conversely, the occasion abdicates its high splendor when the adaptors sweeten Shaw's wryness into the honeyed jam of sentiment. (One often met unicorns in the garden of Ayot St. Lawrence, but rarely did they weep the easy tears of love.) Yet surely it is possible to see what prompted Messrs. Lerner and Loewe to soften the conclusion of "Pygmalion," for along with the other great cry-babies of this world, I too have never been able to down the bitter solution in which Shaw washes the play's finale: something resists that sober draught of evangelical rigor: one feels that art and life have subtly been confused. And who is to say that we are wrong, for does not even Bradley in his *Shakespearean Tragedy*—writing of that wider, deeper, greater play *Lear*—say that the heart is bruised by the wanton deaths imposed on Cordelia and the old king at the last (the tragic demands already having been satisfied), and does he not suggest that the later Shakespeare of *The Tempest* would have confessed and corrected such an excess? The beauty of the Pygmalion-Galatea relationship—its fertilizing command of the imagination—lies in its ultimate anchoring in myth, the concerns of which diverge from those of a Protestant reality. Shaw translates the myth from Paphos to Piccadilly, but the thing will not undergo a sea-change, and we sense that he does violence to some profound demand of the spirit (however fully he satisfies *other* demands) in allowing the clammy air of an ideology of personality to descend on the play's resolution. Still, one must confess that the figure, in "My Fair Lady," of a lovesick Higgins lamenting his lost goddess of the dropped aitches, is not one of dignity.

I shall say nothing further about the pleasures of "My Fair Lady," most of which have been bruited about so noisily by our ever-busy critics that one wonders what may remain for the delectation of a clamorous public. One would wish, however, to pay tribute to Mr. Rex Harrison for a capital, liverish Higgins, and to Mr. Cecil Beaton, who enfolds the myth in his own parti-colored cocoon of Edwardian *chic*. But of the rest, nothing. For the pleasures of theater, as Mr. Eric Bentley has observed, are more directly sensuous than criticism can suggest: they are not so much above it, as beyond it. And if you take this to be an evasion of the critical task, I can only agree with you. But tell me then: how does one fix and capture the moment when Miss Julie Andrews, all radiance and pearly luster, glides imperceptibly out of a grotesque wit into the shimmer and grace of melody? What shall one say? It is the lark. . . .

Yet the great musical comedy—and particularly the one drawn from a great play—always leaves me with a heightened but instructive melancholy. For while I can conceive no limit to the various and possible existences of "Pygmalion," the beauty of "My Fair Lady" seems to me, subtly, the flower of this moment

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in time. I cannot imagine another age recreating its heady and potent charms. The history of musical comedy, Mr. Virgil Thomson once noted, is written in the secret emotional life of every man and woman. Its triumphs are ever hostages to fortune, the buried treasure of time: in nothing so much as these joys do we read the unmistakable pattern of our mortality. (*At the Mark Hellinger.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

ROYALTY IS AS ROYALTY DOES

MOVIES have a way of stumbling over their own celluloid when they concentrate on great historical figures, especially royalty. The movie makers can never quite decide whether they're making elaborate spectacles or personal dramas. Robert Rossen's "Alexander the Great" tries to be both, and while it succeeds in certain episodes, it doesn't quite come off as a whole. The picture was handsomely filmed in CinemaScope and Technicolor in Spain; and most of its battle scenes are expertly directed, especially the encounter between Alexander's forces and those of Darius of Persia, which is spectacle on the grand scale comparable to the battle in "Henry V." But when it comes to the plot, the story of Alexander, the man, the picture runs into trouble. There is so much legend-history-myth about this unstable man who was a great general, an idealist ahead of his time, a logician, a poet, and a neurotic who thought he was divine, that he is too big to cover in one movie. Robert Rossen, who took on the tremendous job of scriptwriter, producer and director for this film, not only stretched his own talents too far, but also tried to include almost all of the Alexander lore. As a consequence, the film is too long, too episodic and at times so crowded with underdeveloped ideas and details that it is quite confused. This is particularly true of the first part, which tries to convey the involved relationships of Alexander with his father, Philip of Macedonia (Fredric March), his mother (Danielle Darrieux), her Egyptian soothsayer (Helmut Dantine), various generals (Stanley Baker, Niall MacGinnis) and assorted friends, enemies and plotters lined up behind their leaders.

As Alexander, handsome Richard Burton turns in an excellent performance and carries most of the picture. But even he fails to make this complex character human or understandable. While the dialogue written by Rossen has an authentic flavor, the script itself is too complicated, and most of the roles (except for that of Philip) are so sketchy that they make few requirements on the high-powered cast which also includes Harry Andrews as the defeated Darius, Barry Jones as Aristotle, Peter Cushing as the exiled Memnon, Claire Bloom as Memnon's wife and later Alexander's mistress. Perhaps Rossen, who spent more than three years on the production of "Alexander the Great," did the best that movies can do with this challenging figure who conquered the world but not himself.

"THE CONQUEROR," another spectacular, is concerned with Genghis Khan. Scriptwriter Oscar Millard immediately makes it clear that he is combining fiction with the historical reports. Producer-director Dick Powell was more interested in making an exciting movie than an accurate one, so he filled it with gore, decadence, torture, exotic dancing and extravagant love scenes. Described as having a quality of spirit that makes for greatness, Temujin, the Mongol warrior later known to history as Genghis Khan, is played by John Wayne as a combination of "western" hero and Tarzan. He's quite impressive as he leads the tribes across the plains in the magnificent riding and battle scenes, but he's a little absurd telling Susan Hayward, who plays a volatile Tartar princess: "You are beautiful in your wrath." It is not his fault that some of the dialogue is so high-fallutin. Nor is it the fault of the cast—Miss Hayward, Pedro Armendariz as Temujin's blood-brother, Agnes Moorehead as Temujin's embittered mother, and many others—that the intimate scenes sound more like those of high-school students declaiming than real-life historical characters. "The Conqueror" suffers by comparison with the equally gory, black-and-white, small-screen Philippine film that was made on the same subject but had the advantage of a running commentary written by the late James Agee. The one department in which the Hollywood film excels is in its first-rate photography, in CinemaScope and Technicolor, showing the Mongol hordes sweeping across the Gobi Desert. These shots, indeed, convey the flavor and excitement of history.

AS THE princess in "The Swan," Ferenc Molnar's brilliant satire set in Central Europe in 1908, Grace Kelly is as cool as an iceberg; and as the prince who comes a-courting on a four-day visit, Alec Guinness compares himself rightly to a fish. Needless to say, the romance gets nowhere until Grace's mother (Jessie Royce Landis), who's determined that her daughter will one day be queen, gets the bright but inconsiderate idea of having the princess invite the young, handsome tutor (Louis Jourdan) to the ball to give the princess a whirl ("you'll be wearing gloves, of course") and make the prince jealous. Louis falls madly in love

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with Grace, but Alec only beams on the happy couple and joins the orchestra to play the bass viol.

Scriptwriter John Dighton has wisely kept most of Molnar's clever lines; and although Director Charles Vidor allowed his film to get talky and static at times, it is always amusing. Grace Kelly looks lovely in Edwardian costumes—a proud, white swan, dignified and regal. Her priest-uncle (Brian Aherne) makes it clear to her, when she takes her love for the tutor too seriously, that a swan is often awkward and ridiculous on dry land: it was never meant to fly. Guinness is delightful as the cool but wise prince; and Jourdan is all charm as the put-upon tutor who gets the raw deal. Dore Schary's production of "The Swan" is beautiful to behold, with this outstanding cast that also includes Estelle Winwood and Agnes Moorehead giving out with wisecracks, and some stunning photography in Eastman Color and CinemaScope.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"FREUD, CATHOLICS, AND CULTURE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In his letter [April 13] concerning my article, "Freud, Catholics and Culture," Father Brown deliciously caricatures scholastic method, first by soaking me with "reputable commentators," and then by packaging up a simplistic denial of spirit for Freud. Would he mind if I pry open the lid a bit, by recalling that Freud did assert the biological self to be a hard, irreducible, stubborn core of some kind; and may I notice that Frank Sheed in *Theology and Sanity* describes spirit as that kind of being which is especially tenacious of its selfness. From this beginning of similarity one might go on to discover other characteristics of the biological self which correlate as well with other aspects of the soul. From such a study we must not be put off by commentators of whatever pre-eminence. Even Freud himself must not be allowed to deflect us from uncovering what he really asserted.

Nor must we let Father Brown cool off St. Thomas who must have been hot for clarity when he situated poetry as the lowest form of knowing. "The unbridled rationalism of mediaeval thought" is Whitehead's phrase to describe a clarity complex he found. A pre-Cartesian one at that!

In her letter in the same issue, Miss Evans fashioned a name that might satisfy her yen for neatness, but who among us with any respect for his own dimness will parade as a Neo-Illuminist? I for one refuse to be so lightly organized.

(*Rev.*) JOHN K. DALY.

OF NOTE

SOVIET VISITORS TO BRITAIN

THE HIERARCHY of England and Wales recently proclaimed a day of prayer for the persecuted Church. The proclamation, issued in a joint pastoral letter, was occasioned by the forthcoming visit of Soviet leaders Khrushchev and Bulganin to England. The complete text is given below:

The proposed visit of the rulers of Soviet Russia provides an opportunity for renewing the Holy Father's appeal for prayers on behalf of the Church of Silence. It is not our intention to discuss the desirability of the invitation. It is not for us to question the motives of our statesmen, who may honestly believe that they are furthering the cause of peace. Catholic citizens, in common with all men of goodwill, approve and support every genuine attempt to promote peace with justice and to prevent war.

We owe it, however, to the millions of Christians suffering persecution in Eastern Europe and the Far East to proclaim publicly that the hospitality offered by our country to the enemies of the Church does not mean that we condone godless policies. In this country, and generally throughout the West, men are free to worship God according to their beliefs. We are fully aware of the tolerance and generosity with which members of religious minorities are treated in Great Britain, where men and women do not have to risk their lives and liberty in order to practice their religion. But, living in security, we may forget our suffering brethren, and we urge you to remember your duty to pray for those for whom the practice of the Faith is made difficult or impossible.

There are those who will tell you that there is full freedom of religion in Soviet lands. Do not believe them. It is easy for Communists to flourish copies of Soviet Laws and quote the guarantees they contain of religious freedom. The test of freedom is not what is written but what is done. In every country where Communists are in power the Church of Christ is in chains. Persecution is sometimes subtle and hidden and sometimes open and savage. Everywhere it is relentless.

We speak of what we know. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and the Ukraine—not to mention Eastern Germany and the Far East—pastors of the Church are imprisoned. Priests, brothers, nuns and leaders of the laity are arrested without reason and punished after mock trials. The attack is made on Catholic schools, hospitals, and orphanages. The voice of freedom is suppressed. The slightest protest against injustice is regarded as an act of treason. That is why

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the Pope has described the Church in these parts as the Church of Silence.

Yet *we* need not be silent. We have a duty to God and to all the children of God in captivity to make our voices heard. During the next few weeks the peoples of Eastern Europe may well be told by press and radio of the welcome given by this Christian country to the enemies of God. It will comfort them if they hear—and they *will* hear—that the voices of Catholic citizens were raised in their defense. The Pope has warned the world that true co-existence between militant atheists and believers is impossible. They seek to destroy the Church of God. We seek not to destroy but to convert them to Christ Whom they have rejected. Our words are not of war but of peace. We seek to conquer not with armaments but with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.

The Government has decided to extend this invitation in the hope that a visit to this country by the Soviet rulers may lead to an increase in mutual understanding. We trust, however, that Members of Parliament will press the Government to tell their visitors how this country abhors religious persecution. The facts are ghastly and beyond dispute. The Soviet record of the last decade is without parallel. Let our Government not shrink in the name of diplomatic courtesy from a frank statement of the views of British citizens. Justice and charity demand no less.

We, the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales, call upon our beloved people to act with dignity and restraint during the visit of the Soviet leaders. We invite the faithful to make Low Sunday, April 8th, a day of prayer and urge you all to receive Holy Communion. Wherever possible, the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed in our churches and chapels from the last Mass until the Evening Service. Upon your knees before the Blessed Sacrament ask pardon for Christ's enemies as He did from the Cross. Beg our Divine Lord and Mary His Mother to comfort and strengthen those who are suffering persecution. Thus, coming events which will inevitably pain and embarrass all Christians may by God's grace prove a source of hope and encouragement to those who live in the shadow of the Cross.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Wisdom of Children

ERNESTINE EVANS

AN IMPOSING statue of Pinocchio has just arrived in the little Italian village of Pescia, the birthplace of Carlo (Collodi) Lorenzini, creator of the fairy-tale puppet who turned into a live boy. The statue, to be set up in Miracle Square, was paid for by the contributions of children not only in Pinocchio's native Italy, but in the United States as well, where he has been loved in any number of editions for half a century.

There is, perhaps, a parable, or at least an invitation to sober reflection, in the international character of this statue to Pinocchio. It is easier and more hopeful to think of peace and international understanding in terms of children than in terms of marching regiments and harassed diplomats. Adults, trying to coerce where they fail to win friends and influence people, do not realize how much peace there is for the asking, or at least the recognition, if they will only search the world of children. Out of the mouths of babes a lot is to be learned.

Why, for example, should we ever teach them to be afraid? So much they have in Nature that is theirs. Long before jet planes they have accepted Arabian flying carpets with delight, and have gaily journeyed on the back of Selma Lagerlof's wild goose. They enjoy a variety of colors, whether in the rainbow or in the hues of different races. They could lead us, if we studied them, into easier ways and finer hopes. And as the gauge of whether democracy is a bit of verbiage or a reality to be created, there they are—the test of all our contemporary ruckus. In the home, in schools, in public libraries, in the streets, on farms, delinquent or just fretful about a too be-monied culture, they deserve a place at the top of all national and international political agendas. And the mood of studying them will be more fruitful, if we begin with what *they* can do for us, instead of regarding them as a market for lush commercialism, as juveniles to be kept juvenile, and distracted with comics and television and teen-age lipsticks. They can do as much for us in leading, as we can do in the over-organized business of protecting them, and bending them to our ideas.

Ellen Key gave a name to the twentieth century, "The Century of the Child," and for a few years it

Ernestine Evans is an editor and critic who is well known for her reviews of children's books.

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did seem to be a period when there was a realization that their bodies and minds were material for building, or at least repairing a tolerable world. But the realization dimmed in the confusions of war, the slaughter of civilians, the endless refugeeing with or without passports or food, the failure to understand that grandparents should be somehow regarded as assets, and the worship of the machine.

The children were to have been the inheritors of the ages. All the promises of the old stories from every culture were to have come true for them. In a way, this has come to pass. But in an industrial society, where obsolescence alone is feared and novelty, without regard to quality, is prized, what can we make of the fourteen hundred new titles of children's books published last year? Most of them cost more than two dollars and more than half of them are thin merchandise. Children's book editors talk about the price of paper, printer's wages, and how necessary it is for the child to identify his little ego with the child-hero in the story (a motion picture article of faith). What interests the critics of children's books, however, is the publication of cheaper and bigger editions within the reach of all children, a faithfulness to the out-of-copyright classics and less subservience to graded vocabularies. I remember a convention in Albany where it was ruled that "kindle" was a big word. In a children's book, one could only "light" a fire. All the lovely, strange words, in poetry and prose, all the upward and roundabout roads to adulthood and literature, were not commended to the young explorer. Even death has become taboo in children's books. Imagine how that tries a reader whose sweetest tears were for Patsy, the little hunchback boy, in the story of the San Francisco kindergarten. However, Beth still draws tears for *Little Women,* and *Little Women,* a good novel, not just a children's book, has been issued this year by Crowell in the finest format it has ever had. And it still circulates all over the world. Why not a statue of Louisa Alcott in Concord, with pennies and dollars raised by readers old and young?

Family reading still goes on from coast to coast, although it is not the national institution it once was. Such reading can be first-rate research into the future of this country, and of the world. Are the children growing up to know the meanings, the real meanings, of words like "security" and "freedom"? Are the children's books as good as they ought to be? Or so reasonable that they can be had by all our children in preparation for "total peace"? We need more geography and geology, more real science, and the philosophy of science, not merely compilations of facts, and more discovery of ancient wisdom in the classics and the fables. It was a happy moment when the British Foreign Secretary last year quoted Aesop, and now and then a canny newspaper reporter at a Summit Conference does mention the Emperor's New Clothes, or the story of the Ugly Duckling. Thus the ruckus of the evolutionary, revolutionary spot-news becomes fit for humble understanding.

Tom Sawyer and *Huckleberry Finn* were best sellers in old Russia and still sell in the USSR. One hopes that Mr. Dulles will beat Mr. Gromyko to suggesting a statue of Mark Twain, or two statues of Tom and Huck, for Central Park in New York and Moscow's crowded Park of Culture and Rest.

The Child born in the manger, and the mythical Kim, and Peter Rabbit, and Cinderella, all have a right to be on the international agenda if peace is ever to release us from the tension of our times, and bring us back to a fresh start, a long look back at the past, and some building for all children to a future of pooled advantage. All children should be taken seriously and served with a mass production of the best we have; they should be taken seriously as young *people,* and as fresheners of our own imagination as to what is worth working for in the modern world.

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A Selected List of Children's Books

By Claire Huchet Bishop

PICTURE BOOKS

Home for a Bunny. By Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Garth Williams. Simon & Schuster. $1.

A quarto-size book, every page a full-colored picture in a classical friendly style suited to the tenderness of the short text.

Jeanne-Marie in Gay Paris. By Françoise. Scribner. $2.75.

Paris for small children: flowers, traffic policemen, Guignol, open-air market, painters along the river, dancing in the street, etc. All in Françoise's gay style.

My First Counting Book. By Lillian Moore. Pictures by Garth Williams. Simon & Schuster. $1.

Even if they don't learn how to count, little children will love the thick stiff pages and the lovable animals.

Little Dog Lost, Little Dog Found. Story and pictures by Esphyr Slobodkina. Abelard-Schuman. $2.50.

The sentences are short, the print large, the flat color pictures brilliant, and the adventures will go to the heart of every child.

Lion. By William Pène du Bois. Viking. $3.

How Lion was created in the Sky Factory after numerous and hilarious tryouts, each dashingly and brilliantly expressed by the artist-author whose talent is in full swing.

Maxie. Written and ill. by Virginia Kahl. Scribner. $2.50.

A gay, colorful and most satisfactory picture-story of a small dachshund who turns out to be the biggest, the fiercest and fastest dog in an Austrian village. We wager Maxie's career will be successful and lasting.

Big Red Barn. By Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Rosella Hartman. Young Scott Books. $2.25.

A simple, serene bed-time story with peaceful drawings.

Tabby's Kittens. By Janet Konkle. Designed by Mary Gehr. Children's Press. Chicago. $1.50.

Appealing picture-story for very young children.

The Book of Songbirds. By Leon A. Haussman. Pictures by Ned Smith. 78 RPM record by Jerry and Norma Stillman. Grosset Dunlap. $1.95.

A timely spring package: large format, easy text, soft colors and an interesting recording.

Also recommended:
The Cunning Turtle. By Kurt Wiese. Viking. $2.

What Susan Wanted. By Sally Scott. Ill. by B. Krush. Harcourt. $2.

The Little Fish that Got Away. By Bernardine Cook. Ill. by Crockett Johnson. Young Scott Books. $2.25.

Deer in the Snow. By Miriam Schleim. Ill. by L. Kessler. Abelard-Schuman. $2.

Was it a Good Trade? By B. Schenk de Regniers. Ill. by Irene Haas. Harcourt. $1.95.

EASY READING

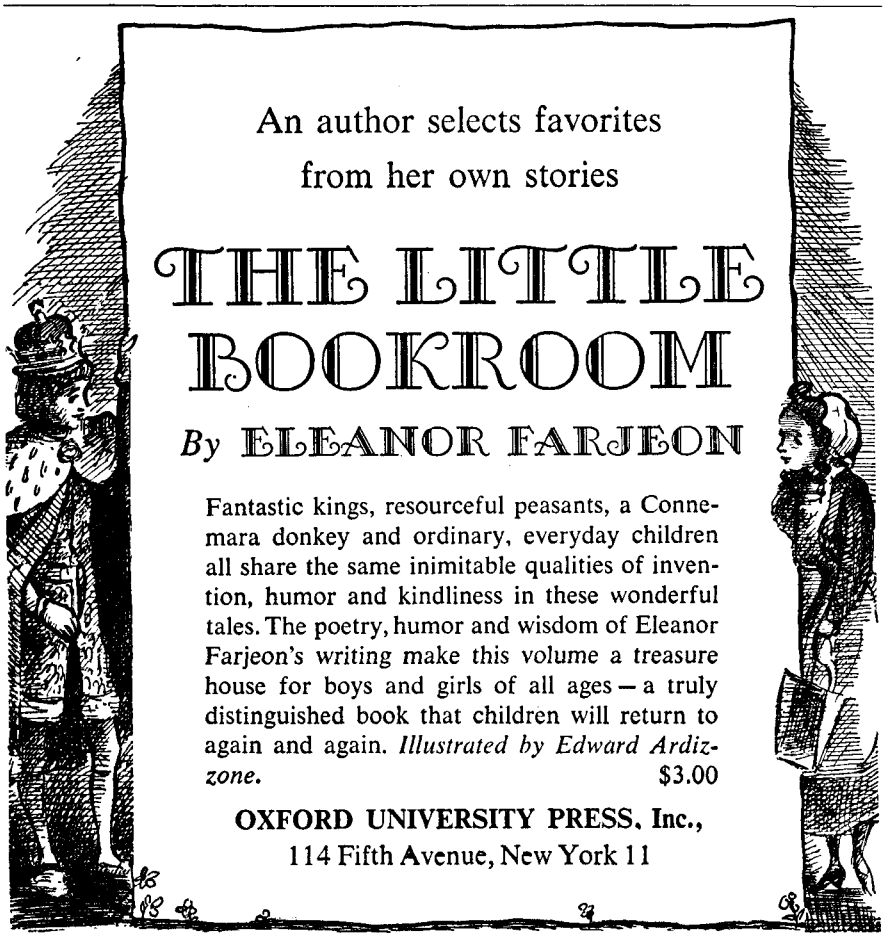
Group I

Eight Rings on his Tail. By John Oldrin. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. Viking. $2.50.

Beautiful small epic of a racoon.

A Carpet of Flowers. By Elizabeth Borton de Trevino. Ill. by Alan H. Crane. Crowell. $2.50.

A moving and dramatic tale of a little Mexican boy who wanted to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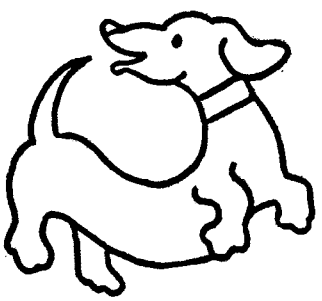

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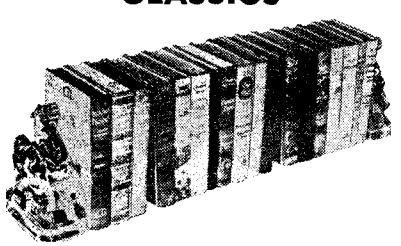

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Rosina Copper, Mystery Mare. By Kitty Barne. Ill. by Gerald McCann. Dutton. $2.75.

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Trouble on the Run. By James L. Summers. Westminster. $2.75.

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Second Meeting. By Katherine Pinkerton. Harcourt. $3.

A Horse Named Joe. By Robert E. Gard. Ill. by C. W. Anderson. Little, Brown. $2.75.

Showboat's Coming. By Adele and Cateau deLeeuw. World Publishing. $2.75.

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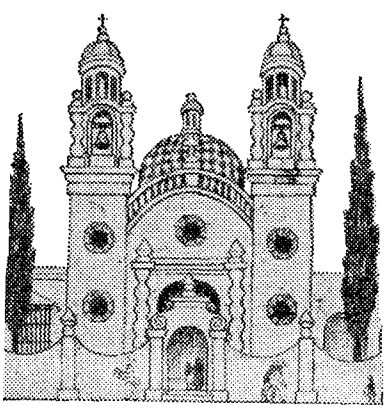

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The House of Peace. By Louise A. Dyer. Ill. by Larry Toschik. Longmans, Green. $3.

Well-told story of the events which led to the treaty of peace between the Mohawk Indians and the Colonists in 1754. Twelve on.

Jean Henri Dunant: founder of the International Red Cross. By Josephine Rich. Foreword by James T. Nicholson, American National Red Cross. Photos by courtesy of the American National Red Cross. Messner. $2.95.

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Marguerite: a real little girl of long ago. By Sister St. Stephen. G.N. S.H. Ill. by Gedge Harmon. Grail $2.

Quaint story of an old-fashioned little Canadian girl who became the foundress of the Grey Nuns in the eighteenth century.

Jules Verne: His Life. By Catherine O. Peare. Holt. $2.75.

All Verne's fans should read this spirited biography. Ten on.

Also recommended:
Men against the Everest. By Eric Shipton. Prentice Hall. $2.75.

Early Explorers, to A.D. 1500. By L. F. Honley. Ill. by G. Randall. Roy. $2.50.

Amerigo Vespucci. By Nina Brown Baker. Ill. by P. Valentino. Knopf. $2.50.

Men of Power: A book of dictators. By Albert Carr. Ill. by Marc Simont. Viking. $3.

Saints Upon a Time. By Joan Windham. Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

Nellie Bly: First Woman Reporter. 1867-1922. By Iris Noble. Messner. $2.95.

Wyatt Earp, Marshall of the Old West. By Olga W. Hall-Quest. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $2.75.

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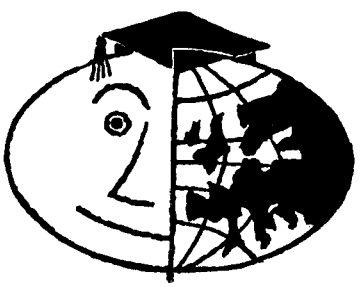

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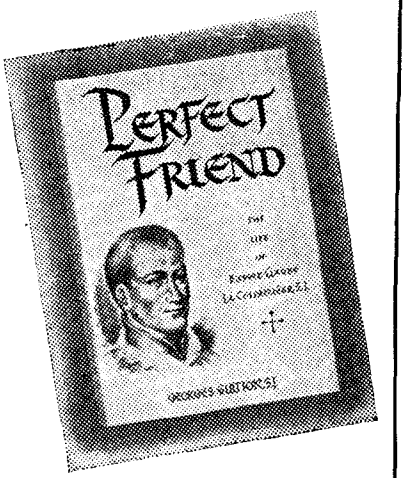

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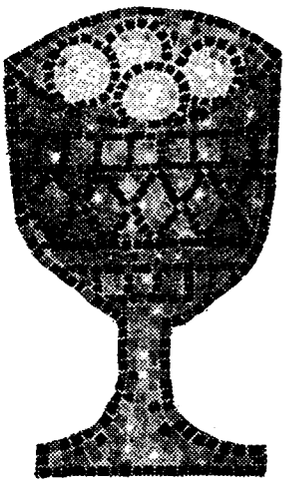

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